

You could raise the dead  
With those terribly troublesome eyes  
Maybe you'll always be bad  
Maybe you'll always be the same

Are you alone, locked inside  
That prison in your head?  
You walk through the crowd  
Lost in the sound  
Invisible to every passing eye

This waking life is not what it seems to be  
No time to talk, no air to breathe  
Reminisce the scent of a single flower  
What butchers cleave, the wolves devour  
But if you consume it you will surely die  
When you're buried with your tenderness  
You'll drag it to your solitary grave

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